*Li.* Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade Sir?

*Li.* why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to name it.

*Li.* How long haue you bene of this profession?

*Mar.* Ere since I can remember.

*Li.* Did you go to't so young, were you a gamester at fiue or at seauen?

*Mar.* Earlier too sir, if now I be one.

*Li.* Why the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a crea-, ture of sale.

*Mar.* Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I heare say you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

*Li.* Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my Principall?

*Li.* Why your bearbe woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquity. O you haue heard some-thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see, thee, or else looke frindly vpon thee; come bring me to some prinate place, come, come.

*Mar.* If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you, make the iugement good, that thonght you worthy of it

*Li* How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

*Mar.* For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases haue bene solde deerer then Physicke, O that the gods would set me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the me nest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

*Li.* I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well, I nere dreampt thou couldst; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thon goest, and the gods strengthen thee

*Mar.*



*Mar.* The good Gods perserue you.

*Li.* For my part, I came with no ill doores and windowes sauour vilely, peece of vertue, and I doubt not but ble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a theefe, that robs thee of thy go m me, it shall be for thy good.

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one p

*Li.* Auant thou damned dore-kee this virgin that doth prop it, would you. Away.

*Boult.* How's this? we must take a your peeuish chastity, which is not w cheapest Country vnder the coape, sha hold, let me be geldeid leke a spaniell, co

*Mar.* Whither would you haue me

*Boult.* I must haue your mayden- he mon hangman shall execute it, come more gentlemen driuen away, come yo

*Enter Band*

*Band.* How now, what's the matter

*Boult.* Worse and worse Mistris, words to the Lord *Lysimachus.*

*Band.* O abhominable.

*Boult.* He makes our profession as it face of the Gods.

*Band* Marry hang her vp for euer.

*Boult.* The Nobleman would haue bleman, and she sent him away as col his prayers too.

*Band. Boult* take her away, vse her glasse of her virginity, & make the rest

*Boult.* And if she were a thornier p is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Harke, harke, you Gods.

*Band*, She coniures, away with her,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)